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THE WORK OF NEW ENGLAND IN THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY.

A

SERMON

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Executive and Legislative Departments

OF THE

GOVERNMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS,

AT THE

ANNUAL ELECTION,

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4, 1865.

BY A. L. STONE, D. D.

BOSTON:
WM. V. SPENCER, No. 134 WASHINGTON ST.
1865.

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SENATE CHAMBER, BOSTON, January 9, 1865.

Rev. A. L. STONE:

DEAR SIR,—Pursuant to an Order, unanimously adopted, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to present to you the thanks of the Senate for your able and instructive Discourse, delivered before the Government of the Commonwealth on the 4th inst., and to request a copy of the same for the press.

Trusting that it will be both agreeable and convenient for you to comply with the request at an early day,

We remain,

Very truly yours,

HENRY BARSTOW,
A. M. IDE,
JOSEPH A. POND,
Committee.

BOSTON, January 16, 1865.

GENTLEMEN,—I herewith submit to your disposal the Discourse for which you ask in the name of the Senate, with my grateful acknowledgments for the courtesy of that body, and for your own in communicating their wishes.

Very respectfully yours,

A. L. STONE.

Hon. Messrs. HENRY BARSTOW, A. M. IDE, JOSEPH A. POND,
Committee of Senate of Massachusetts.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

In Senate, January 16, 1865.

The Committee, to whom was committed the Order in relation to the Election Sermon, preached before the State Government on the 4th inst., have attended to that duty, and have received a communication from Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D., expressing his acknowledgments for the courtesy of the Senate, accompanied by a copy of the Sermon, and report the accompanying Order.

Per order,

HENRY BARSTOW.

Senate, January 17, 1865.

Concurred.

S. N. GIFFORD, *Clerk.*

In Senate, January 16, 1865.

Ordered, That eight thousand copies of the Election Sermon preached before the Government of the Commonwealth, on the 4th inst., be printed for the use of the Legislature.

SERMON.

Isaiah, lviii. 12.

AND THEY THAT SHALL BE OF THEE SHALL BUILD THE OLD WASTE PLACES: THOU SHALT RAISE UP THE FOUNDATIONS OF MANY GENERATIONS; AND THOU SHALT BE CALLED THE REPAIRER OF THE BREACH, THE RESTORER OF PATHS TO DWELL IN.

We cannot to-day, be narrow, and shut our thoughts within the limits of the Commonwealth. The times are educating us all into views and sympathies broad as the land. We stand in these hours on an eminence, and our horizon is the borders of the Republic. We are lifted to the dome of our nationality, and our field of vision stretches to the water-line that marks either ocean shore—the blue of the lakes and the blue of the gulf.

We cannot name our State, or any State, without thinking at once of our whole country. We are weaned from the idea that a State is complete by itself. It is one component part of a Federal Government, held to its sisters by a deathless bond. It is a branch of a living and fruitful vine, in which

alone it has life and fruitfulness. Except it abide in the vine, we may reverently apply the scripture, it "is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned."

Let the stars in the heavens break from their constellations, but let not one on our field of blue, part the chain of celestial gravitation and attempt to shine alone. It shall soon become a "wandering star," "going out in the blackness of darkness forever."

We belong to a nation—a nation living still—fair, and strong, and whole—undivided and indivisible—wearing still on its brow, for all the jealous kingdoms to read, the old familiar inscription, "*E pluribus unum*"—and girding itself anew for the race of the future.

And the question which I desire briefly to discuss to-day, is this: *What is the work of Massachusetts and of New England in this near future of the whole country?*

We may say, *in the first place*, that the life of New England cannot be dissevered from the national life. There has been in some quarters certain idle and flippant talk in reference to such a readjustment of the national boundaries as should

leave this old Puritan Commonwealth and her five sisters outside the walls of the new confederation. But our connection with the Republic is not a matter of territorial contiguity and geographical lines. Let men run border lines as they please; let them frame ordinances of separation; let them build a Tartar wall between us and the great homestead; neither civil nor material barriers can exile us from the family circle. It were just as possible to separate from the loaf the leaven that made it light and sweet, or from a human life the principles and influences of its early nurture.

New England is not a certain limited portion of the national domain—a sharp eastern angle that can be clipt off. No map of the Union gives to the eye her full and proper extent. No engineering art can explore and project her share of our continental heritage.

Her life is ubiquitous in the nation. From her fountain heart the warm arterial currents have circulated through the whole body and flowed out to the remotest extremities. Her sons have gone forth into every habitable place of the broad land. They have carried with them her enterprise, her intelligence, her art, her ingenuity, the pure and ordered life of her homes, the tranquil securities

of her law-abiding communities, her system of common schools, academies and colleges, her reverence for the Sabbath, the memory and the love of her household altars and public sanctuaries. Their first harvests as they have occupied and opened up virgin soil have been not what the earth yielded to the hand of tillage; they sowed first of all, Puritan ideas—the seeds of New England institutions; and that which grew earliest beneath their husbandry has been the transplanted life of their own native hills and valleys. Here are indestructible channels which cannot be closed, and through which the fountained abundance of New England's fulness has flowed out and is flowing still across the prairies, and along the central valley and through the wilderness and unto the far Pacific coast. New England can no more be divorced from the Union than the maternity of a mother from her children. That maternity is in their form and features; it gives the coloring to cheek and hair; it looks from their eyes, it speaks from their tongues, it runs in their veins, it beats in their hearts. Not even by miracle could it be separated from them.

Separate New England from the Union? Give us back our sons and daughters, more than half a

million of them, from all the homes of the land outside our borders! Give us back our millions of capital that have already changed so much of the western wilderness to a smiling garden; whitened the length of its rivers with the foam of swift steamers, and braided over the land the iron strands of trade and travel; turn back upon us the deep streams of wealth that flow out annually to those granaries of the West for their cereal stores! Give us back the forceful and fruitful words that have gone forth from her press, her pulpit, her rostrum of public oratory, from every platform and every page on which the eloquent lips of her sons have spoken; words that have quickened and controlled the intellectual life of generations, and guided popular movements in every part of the country; this public speech of New England that has gone forth free, and fresh, and vital, as the air of heaven, gather it up and restore it to its authors; separate it from the popular mind and heart, from the principles and the practice of our homebred millions! Give us back the messengers of a pure Gospel that have gone forth at our sending with large self-sacrifice, to plant the banner of the cross in "western wilds," and bear it on in the very van of our spreading civilization, and with them the

churches they have built, and the fair Christian order they have reared amid the outlawry of frontier settlements! Give us back the broad bright river of our charities, that has branched to so many thresholds of suffering through these four tragic years! Give us back the brave blood that has drenched a hundred battle-fields, and reddened the trail of New England feet wherever the armies of the Union have marched!

When all this can be done—when the nation will consent to this—then may men talk about "leaving New England out in the cold." Till then, her place is in the warm hearts of the people—her life mingled with the life of the nation—"one and inseparable."

We have, we may say, in the second place, *to keep New England undegenerate.*

The greatness of New England's influence is not so much in what she does, as in what she is. The two go together. When she works, when she speaks, it is the back-ground of character that lends to both their weight. Just as when an individual utters his thoughts—it is not so much what he says as who says it. The chief emphasis of words and of deeds comes from the heart of the doer and the speaker. There is no premium in the

sphere of moral power, upon idleness, frivolity, and corruption. Both for men and for communities, if we would have the influence pure and strong, these attributes must first be demonstrated in the character. It is when those who speak in the name of New England can say—"Look at her," that their oratory is beyond tongues of flame and words of fire. We have it in charge then to guard the purity and nourish the strength of this home-life. The fountain must be full and clear if the streams are to be pure and copious. We must keep the New England ideal rounded and perfect in her actual.

There are some things New England cannot be. She cannot be the granary of the nation—a great agricultural producer. A single prairie lot where the horses trot at the plough in one straight furrow of miles before they turn, and where, later, the reapers seem struggling like wrecked mariners in the wide, tawny harvest sea,

"Rari nantes in gurgite vasto,"

would swallow as a little morsel all the farming life within our borders. She cannot be a grower of tropical fruits and flowers—breathing from red, ripe lips the fragrance of tropical airs, a tiller of

the vine, the orange, and the olive,—a nurse of pale invalids hurrying from cold coast winds to seek soft bowers and sunny vales. She cannot show in her granite cliffs and rude ravines the yellow, glittering scales to which the greed of all nations should come rushing and trampling—hewing down her hills and turning her peaceful wilds back into the bald desolations of old chaos. But she can be the fountain-head of intelligence for the people, kindling in every little vale and hamlet, for the poorest and humblest, the lights of letters and learning—building on favored heights her tall towers of Science, to scatter their rays afar,—calling to her classic halls the wisest teachers of the day—shedding upon all the paths of her children, from the untiring enginery of her press, the white leaves of daily knowledge and high research, as orchard trees shed the blossoms of spring—as this January sky sheds its snowflakes to-day. She can be the schoolmistress of the land, teaching the alphabet of all good nurture,—leading her pupils up through the great volumes of wisdom, and quarrying out the massive granite of her thoughts for all intellectual builders.

She can be the mother of art and of invention, so that the right hand of all labor, whether of the

mind, the shop, or the field, shall stretch itself out to her for the most facile implements of its craft.

She can be the asserter and defender of all humane and noble principles, so that every champion of truth and freedom, every lover of the right and of his fellow-man, shall draw inspiration from her words and strength from her steadfastness.

She can especially be the mother and nurse of men. This is her royal staple. The sands of the Cape are barren and rough, and bleak are the Berkshire hills; but the barren sands and the bleak hills grow men. To train the generations of her sons and daughters is the most peculiar work of New England within her borders. She does not put her infants out to nurse. Her generous breasts suckle all her babes. She is to take each new-born child of every home, and to solve over it this problem: Given a fresh young life, how to conduct it to the noblest manhood, the purest womanhood! From the cradle to the fullest prime—and onward to the chamber of rest—she is to be to this life in all its physical, mental, and moral culture, the institutions that, from first to last, shall develop, mould, and guard it—the atmosphere that shall fill its lungs, and drape it round about, a wise and faithful foster-parent. Beyond all the newer and

more unfurnished portions of our country, she is to provide within her rocky portals a nursery for the children of the Republic.

There is one word which, more than any other, holds before our thought the whole New England ideal. It is not only a descriptive, but an inspiring word. It leads us back to the presence and the heroisms of our dead fathers. There throb in it the stern, strong pulses of martyr life. It is keyed to the music of our early forest temples, in which the Pilgrims worshipped God,

> "And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
> To the anthems of the free."

Oh! that our New England might be, late and forever, what she was at first — PURITAN! Once a word of reproach, veined with sneering irony, History has written it as our proudest eulogy. To keep it unblotted down the ages is our most sacred trust.

For this there must be a real, practical, public faith in God. We must believe that he is a God nigh at hand, and not afar off. We must not exile him to the seventh heavens—a cold, remote, hazy spectre. There must be with us a reverent sense of his constant presence, and a devout recognition

of the mingling of his counsel and his hand in all our private and public affairs. How near he was to our fathers; they walked with him, and talked with him, and questioned his will at every step of life! Their eye sought his, their hand touched his in every strait. We must not be afraid to name him, and avouch him, and appeal to him, in our proclamations, and State papers, and legislative acts, and judicial decisions. We ought to be afraid to leave him out, and to withdraw our public life from the shadow of those tutelar sanctities. If ever we cease to be here a God-fearing people; if we drift away from the faith of a divine, revealed religion, and its rightful control of human affairs; if we give up the Christian Sabbath as an effete institution; if we discard the Bible as God's code of laws for individuals and for States; if we dissociate politics and religion, breaking up the old Puritan bridal, which wedded them, and pronounced over them this nuptial benediction, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder;" if we make our public days of thanksgiving and of humiliation, mere festive holidays, in which we seek our own pleasure rather than to please and propitiate God; if we divorce thus the voice of the State, the course of law, the decrees of justice, and

the popular life, from the word and authority of God, we shall have emptied our old baptismal name of all its significance,—keeping the form but not the life, the shadow not the substance,—and in that hour and in that act the sceptre of New England's power will be broken, her crown lost, and her banner that she planted in the wilderness, with its ancient heraldry, "*Christo et ecclesiæ*," trail dishonored in the dust.

Let all of us rather conspire to lift up again the old Puritanic ideal. "It is certain," declares one of the early New England voices, "that civil dominion was but the second motive, religion the primary one, with our ancestors in coming hither. . . . It was not so much their design to establish religion for the benefit of the State, as civil government for the benefit of religion." Another voice, a century earlier, testified that the fathers "came not hither for the world, or for land, or for traffic; but for religion, and for liberty of conscience in the worship of God, which was their only design."

This sacred interest was first everywhere. "As near the law of God as they can be," was the instruction of the General Court of Massachusetts, in old time, to its committee appointed to frame laws for the Commonwealth.

Only in the reproduction and general diffusion of this spirit can we hope to make the New England of the past, the New England of the future, a power and a glory in the land.

Looking forward now and beyond our own confines, we may say, in the third place, that it belongs to us *to live in and for the future of the whole country.*

This, too, is one part of our inheritance from a Puritan ancestry. Our fathers were builders for the future. They lived for all the coming ages. They laid deep foundations whereon they hoped there might rise, after their day, the walls of a Christian empire, to stand until earth's "cloud capt towers" should fall. We are fond of saying, "they builded more grandly than they knew." Perhaps that is true in respect to the political fabric of which they laid the corner-stone, and the material results that have followed their work. But they had a vision of a spiritual temple that should rise from their humble beginnings, until its dome should span the continent and its arches echo the psalms of meeting and mingling nations. Foundation-work is congenial to the sons of New England. It runs in our blood to be pioneers of a spreading Christian civilization.

We must look forward, for our past is brief. It is kindling and inspiring, but it is yet fresh and new. We have no calendar of hoary centuries, stocked with events and revolutions that have marked off the eras of history, and rich with the spoils of time. Compared with the life of nations and the courses of history, we began but yesterday. Looking back a glance reaches the starting point. More naturally we turn our gaze forward. Not records, but prophecies, hold our eyes. Untempted to live on the glories of a dead ancestry, we are inspired to do something for our posterity to commemorate.

We must look forward, for our ideal is higher than we have reached. We may have been vain and boastful, but none of us can believe that the summit of American greatness has been reached. The magnificent capabilities of the continent and the adaptation of our forms of life to all possible progress on such a theatre, rebuke our complacency in the past and hold in prospect a sublime goal for which we have yet to gird up our loins and run.

We must look forward, because revolution leaves us not a finished task, but only a clear track. Give us peace and victory to-morrow,

and it brings us only a vacation from fighting, none from work. Revolution does not create a civilization. It opens the door and ushers it in, if it be prepared. If this revolution of ours succeed fully, it will have helped to rid us of some malign forces in the development of American life—at least, of some incarnations of those forces—it will deliver into our hands a nation saved from crumbling apart; but what this nation shall be and do, what it shall live for and realize, is a problem that would yet remain.

Nations must work as God works on the earth, for something yet beyond and unmatured. When they pause and say, this is the limit and consummation of our doing, he will say of each of them, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" At every stage of progress they must renew their devotion to what is incomplete in the divine scheme for man. Casting off all dead and useless appendages, burning their ships behind them as they touch new shores of discovery and conquest, they must follow hard after the guiding steps that are tracking man's way to the calm heights of a perfect social state.

We may ask, then, in the fourth place, what are the specific tasks to which we are to address

ourselves in working for the future of the whole country?

The nearest duty of all is *to push this war triumphantly through.* Persistent rebellion is alone responsible for all the blood and treasure it shall yet cost to maintain the supremacy of the government. That supremacy can only be maintained by showing its power to be, as well as its right to be, when both are called in question. Let no sign of weariness or impatience in the protracted struggle come from us, while a rebel banner taints the air. The length of the war has been absolutely indispensable for the full sense of nationality—the unity and authority of the Federal Government, to enter and possess the hearts of the people—for the radical revolutionizing of the old social system of the South—for the education of the masses up to the political and moral issues of the present hour. Let no voice among us call for peace while treason stands erect and defiant. Let no sigh of complaint freight any wind that blows from the North toward the Capitol. To every fresh call for men let us give quick, consenting response. The armies that have been marching through the summer and autumn from victory to victory,

must needs find their ranks thinner; and the final strokes are yet to be delivered. We have to fill the ranks, to stimulate enlisting, to sound the call for volunteers at all the gateways of our hills and in the streets of our towns, to compensate the forsaken tasks of labor's thrifty hands, to keep a light on the hearth of the absent soldier's home for his wife and babes, and bread on the board, and "the wolf from the door." "Fight it through!" Let the press emblazon it, morning and evening. Let the ministry of Him who came to send the sword on earth before his reign of peace, give it voice. Let legislation in town and State give it all helpful, practical endorsement. Let the whole heart of New England give it clear and ringing echo. And here, especially, where the word was first spoken that broke the silent terror of the beginning, let that sound have once more full volume and cheerful tone: "The sons of Massachusetts, to the rescue!"

We have, of course, *a duty of ceaseless vigilance.* The transition periods of a nation's life are perilous crises. They inaugurate the dynasties of moral forces that are to sway the sceptre for a cycle whose diameter no man can calculate. The fortunes of this nation are in transition now.

We have reached the line, sailing on in the Ship of State, and are crossing it into seas unploughed before. In respect to opinions, morals, public leaders, society and institutions, we are leaving the old and entering upon the new. On the other side of this great chasm that separates our past from our future, our national story is to begin afresh—our annals to open a new volume. Public sentiment is to be reformed. New banners are to float in the van of national progress. We are to take down and rebuild many a shattered line of our walls of empire. We are to legislate and to act upon novel questions, without precedents.

What shall we carry on with us? What shall we leave behind? What new elements shall come in to leaven the whole lump—what old elements shall be extirpated or neutralized? What things vital and precious, the legacy of the past, shall be studiously garnered up? What dead weights shall be thrown off? Who will watch to see that no divine gift of the old civilization is dropped out—no seed principle of our earlier liberties and evangelisms blown away or smothered—no ancient guaranties of public faith and honor and popular privilege weakened or forgotten? Who will scrutinize as carefully the forces that harness

themselves to the onward movement, and make sure that no wanton, profane hand lay hold of the sacred ark of our hopes—that no seed principle of mischief be sown where many hands are scattering grain broadcast—that no insidious attempt to twine around our swelling limbs fetters that shall one day cripple our growth and our free motion, shall prosper?

This is precisely the demand that invokes New England intervention. Her weight in the wavering scales of our public destinies is not the weight of numbers, nor of territorial greatness and promise — nor of political predominance. The centre of political power has forever receded from the East. It will visit no more the Atlantic slope of the Alleghanies. It is crossing meridian after meridian, westward still. Let it pass. Our moral sceptre remains. It is open to us still to sway the nation by the force of ideas—to rule through the royalty of principles that can never be discrowned. Let the questions which we have just asked get their clear and authoritative answers in the voice and the attitude of this little sisterhood of commonwealths, and we rule the confederacy still. But we must look well at the foundation of the principles which we attempt to assert and main-

tain. They must have an unquestionable right of supremacy. They must be royal "*jure divino.*" They must be no temporary policies and expediencies, but everlasting facts and laws. They must take hold of what is imperishable—have their roots in the very nature of God, and be linked to the car of His omnipotent providence. The divineness of government, the supremacy of law, order imperial, human equality, the inalienable rights of man, intelligence, freedom, law and religion, the four immovable pillars of communal peace and perpetuity; standing by these, holding and teaching this faith, New England will be a power in the Union forever.

For these principles, then, she must be jealous with an infinite jealousy in watching the country through this present crisis. This is the turn of the fever. There must be no negligence nor slumbering now. Every change must be noted. Every pulse must be felt. The slightest aberration is of moment. We must be Argus-eyed, so that no future disaster shall impeach our vigilance in this critical hour.

Another duty of ours concerns *the deliverance of this land from the bondage of the past.* That deliverance is not yet complete. For one, I am

restless and anxious until that consummation come.

We have been in covenant with a great wrong. We admitted it into partnership with our national life. We awarded it rights and immunities. It proved itself a fraudulent partner from the beginning, but we were held by the bond. We kept it. There was an inherent incompatibility, but the covenant remained. Through all this time our proper national civilization was not born, but only conceived. Jacob and Esau struggled together in this pregenital strife—never dissociated—the one clasping the other's heel.

It was meant that this land should be a home of liberty and justice, for all God's creatures to the end of time; that the rights of man should stand and grow here as the old forests of the wilderness had stood and grown, their roots striking deep downward, their tops branching upward to the open, free heaven, their arms intertwining, and the streams of a continent watering their lusty life. There was to be one land on the face of the earth in which political and religious freedom should walk over its length and breadth without let or threat; one where there should be on the body and on the soul no

chain. So our founders builded. So our fathers and mothers suffered, and wrought, and prayed. And the new temple of promise rose fair and stately, and its light streamed afar, and many feet, weary and wounded, hastened thither to rest within this secure asylum. But alas, what shrines were built within! Was there one to a pure faith? Was there another to equal law? Was there a third to maiden Liberty? But what other fourth shrine is that, grim and dark, crowding these three; what grisly demon sat within, usurping place in that fair fellowship?

Alas, for the new hope, and the new nation, and the new world! Alas, for our bright western star, so soon turning wan and dim!

But God had not joined this compact with evil. His hands were not tied, if ours were. He has a way of annulling covenants with crime. He found the means to shatter our inviolable bond. He sent the earthquake of revolution to shake down the demon shrined in our sacred temple. It stood strong. It had its foundation deep, and had been buttressed with massive masonry. It was clamped and riveted to the temple walls with many a bolt of iron. But the earthquake was stronger yet. It shook and heaved and wrenched apart till it

seemed as though the temple itself would fall. Many said, it will fall. It did, indeed, tremble and rock, and its lights were shivered. But it stands yet, with tower and dome catching the light of earliest and latest day; and the dark shrine is overturned. It lies prostrate and in ruins. Its horrid deity is fallen—like Philistia's Dagon before the ark—maimed and broken, with the stump only remaining. Thus is the bond parted. Thus the covenant ceases. And we have to watch now that no hand rebuilds that demolished shrine; that no malign craft sets up Dagon's stump again in our great temple. Surely, we have felt the curse of this corroding bond long enough. Shall we ever bow our necks to it again? Shall we suffer any man among men, or any fiend from below, to press its poisonous links into our flesh once more? We have the shattered materials of that dark altar to sweep out of the consecrated temple, the last vestige of that horrid idolatry to banish and bury forever. This work is not yet done. It needs finishing. There are those who would knit again the ruptured strands of the old, rent covenant. Men of New England, legislators of Massachusetts, suffer this never to be! Here, where the most strenuous voices of the great

reformation have been uttered from the beginning, let them still sound forth, full and clear. You will have to watch against cunning, selfishness, and intrigue; against many a nobler sentiment of mistaken generosity and magnanimity, and lingering reverence for the Constitution as it was —and against that foul monster, fouler and more misshapen than Satan saw sitting portress at the gate of hell—PARTY SPIRIT. I do not feel safe or at peace, while any legal remnant of this accursed thing clings to us. See to it, that this bondage of the past be utterly and forever doomed. Take you care that this incubus of evil never more throne itself upon our national life.

From this last point, we may rise to a higher and more general affirmation. We must see to it, that *the whole course of this government, both in its constitutional law, and in its public administration, shall be determined by strict right and divine principle.*

Have we or have we not yet learned the lesson, that evil built into the templed life of a people is an element of weakness and corruption in the structure? It may seem to the builders a necessity. The whole work may pause as though there could be no further progress without allowing

the wrong a place. Admitting it, the walls may go swiftly up, as though vindicating the expediency of the measure, by a success fair and grand—and not else possible. But God has taught us that this demonstration is a delusion and a terrible mistake. The columns so reared have to be taken down again; that is the divine teaching. It is not real progress to build in with evil that the work may go swiftly forward. It goes swiftly to decay. All that is built upon it is lost labor. It cannot stand. While God reigns, nothing propped with wrong shall remain firm. That crumbling support will one day fail, and the superincumbent pile lean to its fall. Nothing but truth and right will stand. There is not a trumpet tone so loud in all history as that which proclaims it now, that our national disaster is the fruit of national crime —the issue of mingling evil with the foundations of the republic. Are we not educated yet into the conviction that we must build altogether in righteousness, if we build for posterity and the golden future? Have we not acquired a conscience yet, in the heart of this American people? Shall we not walk at length by its light, without swerving?

What is God's idea in a great nation? Merely the better carrying on of commerce and the elaboration of the art of comfortable living? Is it not that it shall stand the noblest representation of the principles of His own supreme government; nay, the actual vice-regency of his sceptre among men; a temple of concrete justice, in which no right shall suffer harm, and no wrong find a shelter? If in any of its decrees and procedures it contradict his attributes, malign his character and annul his statutes, will he accept it as his ideal, and write upon its front "*esto perpetua?*" Will He not write that other sentence in the old Hebrew—*mene, mene, tekel, upharsin?*

We are rebuilding here; we must take better care this time. It should seem enough to say that right is right, — but we must add that right is safety, right is perpetuity, right is immortality. Wrong is death and destruction, wrong is treason and disloyalty. We are taking stern measures with rebellion now. But every seeming patriot who consents to any unrighteousness in the reconstructed nation is a more insidious and a more deadly traitor to the Union than any man with arms in his hands in all the rebel hosts.

In this task of rebuilding, only the most resolute steadfastness, only the most sleepless vigilance will keep evil out. The demand will be incredibly urgent. "Yield here!" "Give way there!" "Consent to this unimportant compromise and embarrassment will be obviated, and all will go smoothly!" The pinch will be the sorest when rebellion collapses. With the rebels at our feet suing for terms, we shall remember that they were our brothers. All our generous sensibilities will be moved toward them. Our bowels will yearn over them. We shall feel that we cannot be hard with them. We shall be put upon our magnanimity. We shall take them by the hand and lift them tenderly up. We shall be inclined to give them more than they would have the face to ask. We shall desire to show them that the hand that struck down their parricidal weapons was never a hand of hate,—but of grieved and reluctant justice. That will be a perilous hour for the constancy of principle. Then, when any voices ask us in the name and in the spirit of fraternal conciliation to welcome the erring and the conquered back with their old properties and relations, including some remnant of the ancient wrong, or some new vicarious wrong, it will be hard to resist. There

is, of course, a place and a sphere for compromise. We may yield our interest, we may forego advantage, we may waive opinion and preference for peace and harmony; but we have it as the most solemn charge of these years of violence and blood, to yield nothing of righteousness and justice to any demand for any gain so long as the world standeth.

It is a part of our work which ought to have distinct and formal mention, *to deepen in the hearts of the people the sentiment of the sacredness of government.* There has been in the very nature of our institutions a chronic and growing strain upon this sentiment. Everything in this land tends to the elevation of the individual. We teach that each man, standing erect in the image of his God, is the peer of every other. We provide for the largest training of the individual. He is a graduate of the schools. He is master of tongue and pen. He is a reader of books. He takes at least a daily newspaper; perhaps he posts himself morning and evening upon all the progress of thought and the chronicle of events. He has his opinions. He embraces, it may be, some system of social and political philosophy. More frequently he holds to tenets and prejudices, which are his own and

unshared. He is the architect of his own fortunes. Every track is free to him. He may aspire hopefully in any direction, and cut for himself steps to any eminence of name, and place, and power. He has his own religious training and religious creed, with no State establishment to coerce him into uniformity. He looks up to no man. He is dependent upon no one. He brooks interference from none.

The nation is bristling all over with these individualities, — as isolated and distinct, and as sharp as the quills of the "fretful porcupine." How can these millions of independent thinkers be made to see alike, feel alike, and act alike in the matter of the common supremacy of government? The more intelligent and self-reliant they become, the more complete each separate manhood is, the more difficult the problem grows. How can you make any two or more of such constituents take the same yoke and wear it peacefully together? What but anarchy can come of such diverse and resolute elements?

Now if government were something that existed here independently of these self-poised minds, framed for them, laid upon them, with an inherent power to be and to constrain subordination, the

conditions of the problem were instantly changed. But with all this independence of thought and opinion, each man is himself clothed with political power. He is a sovereign. There is none above him. He is himself a maker and administrator of laws. Of these millions of sovereigns how will you make one harmonious, self-consistent, and authoritative sovereignty?

Government is their creature, not their monarch. How will you teach them to revere what their hands have made? They will the government into being. If it doesn't please them they can take it down and set up another. Is it natural that they should fall before it and do it homage? All public officials are their servants, whom they have invested with liveries, and to whom they pay wages. Is it to be expected that they should kiss the feet of their servants? They feel that it is their right and their duty to watch, to criticize and to rebuke these public servants; and in this duty they cheerfully abound. Is this the way to cultivate reverence and submission?

How obvious is it that the maintenance of government, and especially the hallowing of its authority over such a constituency of free, intelligent, independent, and sovereign minds, is one of

those problems concerning which there is always the hazard of an ill-omened issue. Disloyalty and treason, and sympathy with both are the logical inference of this inflated sense of the popular relation to the government of the land.

We need to insist upon the divineness of human government. Our children must be taught it from the cradle, that however constituted, "the powers that be are ordained of God." If men elect, God crowns. If we lead our rulers to the chair of state, God puts the sceptre into their hands. They become then, not our officials, but His. They are the servants, not of popular caprice, nor the will of majorities, they are the servants of the Throned Justice, the supreme Right.

The natural philosophy of government ought to have clearer, more impressive, and more constant explication in all the literature that trains the American mind. Our school books, the press, the rostrum, the pulpit, should discuss with more earnestness and more simplicity, the fundamental principles of that philosophy.

If men are to dwell together in communities, there must, of course, be social order. The opposite of this is anarchy, chaos. For order there must be law,—equal, impartial, universal law.

For the supremacy of law there must be administrative authority, — the right and the power to institute and enforce law.

For the ground of this right, the charter of this authority, we come back again to the will of God, who accepts earthly magistracies as his vicegerents, and clothes them with his own delegated sanctity.

There is no land under heaven that so needs the popular demonstration and the constant iteration of these truths as ours. And it is but the nearest inference to add, that there is none where the righteousness of the statute and the purity of the magistrate are more closely connected with the sacredness of the government in the popular heart. Civil enactments, whose inspiration is partisan intrigue, or mercenary favoritism—an unjust ruler, setting up the dynasty of his own passions, prejudices and partialities—a corrupt legislator, writing in the statute book with unclean hands—a magistrate swayed by self-interest, and purchasable with gold,—these give public contradiction to their divine paternity, and make contempt of government and revolt against law the instinct of all noble natures. So far as the popular faith goes, the legitimacy of civil government, as an ordinance

of Heaven, runs in the channel of purity and equity. For public impression, the proof of divine authorship halts when the divine likeness fails. If we would keep men's hearts among us loyal to civil authority, and help to make the Supremacy of Law inviolable through the land, we have it in solemn charge to guard the avenues to power from all profane approach, and to exercise the functions of office, legislative and executive, in all honesty and good conscience.

I think it is worthy, also, of a moment's separate plea, *that we utter the sentiments and beliefs of New England in full, clear, unequivocal speech.* We must hold fast here to our birthright of free thought and free speech. There is nothing that concerns the honor and progress of the nation, or the rights of humanity, in reference to which it is not our privilege to inquire, to form our conclusions, and to declare them in the hearing of our fellow-men. Every principle, every measure that seeks ascendancy in this land,—every ancient, every fresh founded institution, we have a right to discuss. Whatever subtle leaven would insinuate itself into the life of the nation—whatever comes to us with the imposing front of precedent and authority, and assumes the prerogative to control our history, we

may use our sharpest faculties to search out, and to show forth their nature and their claim. The honest thoughts—the deep convictions—the intense sympathies of our New England hearts, frankly and boldly uttered, have been no mean power in the nation in rectifying public sentiment, undermining the security of wrong, and preparing the national mind for generous and radical progress. There have been those who would have laid a finger of iron on New England's lips, and silenced her faithful witness. But she keeps her birthright yet. Let her guard it well for the future. Let her maintain her right to question, to investigate, to form her opinion upon the wisdom and the morality of all that courts the popular suffrage, not as one ambitious to hold a barren sceptre, but earnest to pour her own copious life into the public veins for the health and vigor of the nation's being. This is one imperial prerogative of New England, one most sacred obligation, to overstep her own boundaries with the forceful moral influence of her public testimony against all civil and social wrong; her strong protective plea for every imperilled right. Our numbers are few and our territory small; we have no Valley Stream flowing from our hills through the length of the northern continent. But

from the pure cool fountains of these moral and intellectual heights we may send forth a ceaseless utterance for truth, right, and liberty,—a deep, broad river, watering all the land.

There will come upon us soon *a call to help repeople and resettle a desolate South.* There is one symbol of prophecy upon the brow of which we might write as its most fitting interpretation this word—WAR. It is that "fourth beast," that Daniel saw in his night vision, rising out of the "great sea,"—"dreadful, and terrible, and strong, exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth; it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue, with the feet of it." Under these horrid hoofs, many parts of the South have become a waste more dreary than any untamed wilderness. In the wilderness of savage nature there is nothing suggestive of violence and destruction. But in following the track of an invading army, we walk amid the wreck of what was once fair and blooming order.

The fences are gone from the fields once bearing up thrifty tillage and rich harvests. Granaries and barns have sunk into black heaps of coal and cinder. The lone chimney tells where the peaceful cottage rose. A ranker growth of

tangled weeds betrays the site of the garden. Rows of stumps recall the once fruitful orchard. The level fields of the farm have been ridged up with earth-works, and ditched with rifle-pits. In the once companionable hamlet not a dweller remains. A house or two may yet be standing above the blackened ruins of its fellows, but without doors or window lights, and with wind and storm sweeping through its dismal chambers. Fragments of household furniture lie scattered around, half embedded in the earth. A school-house or a church at the fork of confluent roads, show in their pierced and shattered walls, how the meeting tides of battle surged around that salient angle. Within, the floor has been rudely cleared, for what purpose many a dull stain on the boards gives testimony. The public roads lead you to the bank of bridgeless rivers. There are no vehicles of travel remaining, no implements of husbandry, no tools of art. No flocks nor herds wander in the pastures, no beasts of draft or burden wait for the harness. The narrow, curving level keeps the memorial of the railway; but the sleepers are burned, and the iron twisted into rusty contortions. Civilization must begin again with all her tasks repeated, and these melancholy ghosts haunting the scenes of her old

triumphs. Immense regions at the South, are thus blighted. The obduracy of rebellion, and rebellion is still obdurate, has brought upon itself this unsparing scourge.

It seems to me that this tenacity of purpose with the southern leaders and ruling classes, is of God. It wears the aspect of a judicial decree. It is like the hardening of Pharaoh's heart, that the whole southern system of life, labor and society may be drowned together in this red sea—and not a vestige of the old malign civilization of that portion of our country, survive these bloody years.

Upon such a radical devastation there will come in our new duties, to explore these wastes—to map out the vast territories over which the ploughshare of extermination has been driven—to open up the promise of these fertile and masterless estates to the keen eyes of northern thrift and the hurrying tread of emigrant feet—to Americanize the new busy marches that will soon press, with mightier armies, and with more peaceful weapons those silent fields — and to send thither the seeds of New England life and institutions, to be scattered broadcast and first of all to occupy the ground.

There will be also a work, worthy our best endeavors, *to bring up, ennoble and save a degraded*

remnant of southern population. Here all that is generous and charitable, all that is magnanimous and forgiving in the heart of New England, will have free scope. We shall have to show our former enemies how sincerely and truly we can be, and are their friends. We shall have to bless them in spite of their prejudices and all the depressing weight of their old habits. We shall have to show them how much better we can do for them than they have ever done for themselves. We shall need to parcel out for them new estates—to organize for them home industries—to put into their hands the implements of various work—to help them lift a roof-tree over their heads—to inspire them with hope, diligence, economy, and the ambition for self-improvement—to set before them on their own soil, the models of our own sweet and comfortable domestic life—to build school-houses and churches and send them teachers and preachers, and sift into all their brightning consciousness the light of letters, the issues of the daily press, and a fresh, healthful, evangelical literature. This grand charity will tax our faith and our self-denial to the utmost for years to come. How many voices will call mournfully to us throughout this bereaved and and desolate South! What fragments of broken

homes will appeal to us! How many wandering fugitives, not knowing on which side the grave their kindred are; houseless, friendless, penniless, with tragic memories behind them and no light of hope before, will wait our coming to bless them with a shelter and renew for them some faint interest in life.

Of course *the future of the African Race* in this land, is a problem that will press us as it will press the whole country with its urgent and difficult conditions. This land that has held them in bondage, will have to give them a home. This nation that has been to them a taskmaster, will have to be a foster-parent and a protector. With their restored manhood, they must have such a *start* in respect to their material interest, and their social prospects, as well as in all that relates to their intellectual, moral, and religious nurture, that the future shall, if possible, if they enter its open door, grandly overpay their sorrowful past. For this full redemption of the emancipated slave, New England must by wise and unstinted charities, by generous legislation and by all social magnanimities, do her royal share.

This is a glance only at the tasks crowding in upon us in the days that now are and the days that

are to come. It covers but a small part of the whole field of our duty to our age and our race. But there is enough in these few specifications to invoke our most strenuous diligence, our loftiest consecration. It rests with us, and those who shall succeed us, to make this New England of ours,—by her pure life and steadfast principle, her just laws, beneficent institutions and stainless morals, her clear and commanding utterance for immortal right, her public and private charities, her sense of the grandeur of the ordeal through which this nation and all it involves of hope and promise for man is passing now, and above all her faithful adherence to the original ideal of a Puritan Commonwealth, walking and talking with God, and holding His will everywhere supreme,—an angel of mercy and guidance to our whole land, for this and for all after times.

We congratulate the State rather than his Excellency that this occasion signals no retirement from the chair of her chief magistracy. It was not needed for him, for any completeness of personal or official honor, for the very summit of a just and wide fame that the people of Massachusetts should once more with such large consent put the reins of her public affairs into those tried and skilful

hands. She honors herself most by so placing this high trust. She knows, and beyond her borders the central govenment and the nation know, with what prescient forecast, what timely providence, what hopeful courage, what unquenchable loyalty, what indefatigable diligence, and what thoughtful tenderness her administration at home and abroad has been conducted through these dark days of revolution and conflict. Her internal order and prosperity, her renown in the high places of the field, both the spirit and the comfort of her sons doing brave battle for the sacred flag, her weight in the scale of right on the grave questions of the hour, are the bright record which justifies the inference that she is governed well.

If we could spare you, sir, we would give you release from these solemn cares, and follow you with our commemorative gratitude into the peaceful retirement of private life. But in these stern days of work, when our whole New England has so much to do to inaugurate the elect and waiting future, we pile our public burdens upon you once more, and beseech the God of our fathers to give you strength to bear them as worthily in the year to come as in these historic years that have gone.

And may the gentlemen of the Senate, the Council, and the House of Representatives,—called of their fellow citizens to the discharge of duties which would at any time have invoked their best wisdom and highest fidelity, be quickened to discern at what a point they stand in the history and fortunes of the republic, and the lengthening scroll of human progress; and forgetting their own ease and emolument, and rising above every personal and private interest, give to the care of the State, and the honor and safety of the nation in these troubled times, all their heart, and all their soul, and all their mind, and all their strength!

And before the term of official duty which opens for you to-day shall have run out, may we be called to join, with all the people of the land, in keeping such a day of public thanksgiving to Almighty God as has never gathered our joy and praise in the past, — over a nation saved, united, free, at peace with itself, with all the world and with the Throne of Infinite Justice and Goodness!

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